

# The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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London  
December 29, 1943



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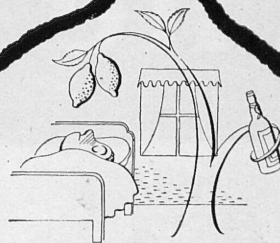
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# THE TATLER

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and BYSTANDER

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*Swatche*

## Captain and Lady Gloria Fisher and Their Daughter

Captain Nigel Fisher and Lady Gloria Vaughan were married in 1935, and their little girl, Amanda, is four years old. Lady Gloria is the Earl and Countess of Lisburne's eldest daughter, and the wedding of her only brother, Captain Viscount Vaughan, to Miss Shelagh Macauley took place in London a few weeks ago. Both Captain Fisher and Lord Vaughan are in the Welsh Guards. Lady Gloria's maternal grandfather, Don Julio Bittencourt, was formerly Attaché to the Chilean Legation in London.



# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Shock

THE Prime Minister's progress towards what seems to be a speedy recovery is most heartening. It is a tribute to those who watch and guard his health. Also it indicates that the strength of his remarkable constitution is still maintained after his recent arduous labours. But what is equally worthy of notice is the reaction of the world to his sudden illness. It seems as if everybody must have paused for a moment when the wireless transmitters in all the capitals broadcast the news. Was there ever such a tribute to a personality?

## Contingency

AT the moment of writing it appears that the War Cabinet may have been a little too anxious to let the public know of the illness, as though they had expected the worst to happen. Obviously they had to take into account many contingencies, and one can appreciate some part of their dilemma. But apart from the anxiety the news caused the Prime Minister's supporters and admirers everywhere, the Germans must have been the only people to whom it gave satisfaction. Probably they saw a gleam of hope in the possibility of Britain's catastrophe, though they were certainly careful to cross their fingers and not say too much. All the same, had Mr. Churchill's illness proved more serious than it seems at this time, I believe that it would have been one of those unfortunate happenings calculated to lengthen the war, for it would have given those gamblers in tragedy who belong to the Nazi party new hope.

## Successor

IT was by sheer chance last week that I mentioned Mr. Anthony Eden as Mr. Churchill's natural successor. I have little doubt that this

would be Mr. Churchill's personal wish, for he has always had the greatest admiration for Mr. Eden. But his illness caused many politicians to survey the future and their talk revealed at least one other favourite, notably Sir John Anderson, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer. Sir John has long been regarded by some Conservatives as a future Prime Minister. He is not a member of any political party, but these Conservatives would like him for their own. Not all Conservatives are agreed on this point, and Mr. Eden has a solid backing which would probably give him the lead. But there is also the case of Mr. Clement Attlee, whom many people seem to have forgotten in their



Rear-Admiral R. H. Portal

Rear-Admiral Reginald H. Portal, D.S.C., R.N., was appointed Assistant Chief of Naval Staff (Air) in January. He is a younger brother of Sir Charles Portal, Chief of the Air Staff

speculations. It is not easy to brush aside a Deputy Prime Minister, as they seem to discard Vice-Presidents in the United States. If Mr. Attlee were ignored it would be an affront to the Labour Party, and while he may not be a popular leader—Labour leaders rarely seem to be popular with their followers—they would fight for him, I am sure. Thus the very foundations of the present Coalition Government would be jeopardised.

## Concise

CAUTIOUS Conservatives want the Coalition to continue, for a variety of reasons. Labour extremists talk wildly about a return to Party politics, but those who manage the Labour Party are no more anxious that this should happen than are the Conservatives. So Mr. Attlee must always be considered as one of Mr. Churchill's possible successors. He is not an impressive parliamentary speaker. There is no colour in his speeches or his personality, but he is a clear and concise thinker, and reputed to be a sound counsellor.



Air Chiefs Consult the Map

Crottaglia, in Italy, was the scene of this conversation between Air Vice-Marshal Harry Broadhurst, Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder and Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham, when they met on the airfield

## Recess

PARLIAMENT has gone into recess for Christmas, and this will give Mr. Churchill a greater opportunity to lengthen his convalescence. When the session is resumed there is plenty of hard work, which will start with Mr. R. A. Butler's Education Reforms Bill. This is a most comprehensive measure, and its full effects will not be felt for many years. The old idea that the basis of education should be the three R's has been thrown overboard. In future children are to be educated according to their ability and aptitude, and with a greater degree of compulsion. The problem which the administrators of the reforms will have to face in the immediate future is the shortage of teachers and school buildings. Shortage in either aspect may hold up Mr. Butler's intention to raise the school-leaving age from 14 to 15, and later to 16 years. Taken as a whole, the education reforms are the beginning of the post-war reconstruction plans of the Government.

## Significant

THERE are many signs that Sweden is seeking a quarrel with Germany. The attitude she has adopted towards Germany's deportation of Norwegian students indicates that she is pursuing a calculated policy. This is most significant, for it gives a fairly sound pointer to the progress of the war. Twelve months ago Sweden would not have threatened Germany with further deterioration in their relations. It means that Germany has lost most of her influence over Sweden and that mere blustering will not save her from Swedish anger. I recall that early in the summer two Swedish business men prophesied in my presence that their country would be at war with Germany before very long. We shall see. It may be the fervent desire of many Swedes to join the fight by the side of their Scandinavian cousins, but not necessarily the wish of the United Nations at this moment.

## Speculation

IS it to be General George Marshall who commands the Allied invasion of Western Europe, a British general, or General Eisenhower? The American newspapers have had a



General Decorates General

General Ira C. Eaker decorated Brig-General Robert B. Williams with the D.F.C., for leading the raid on Schweinfurt. General Eaker succeeded Major-General Spaatz as Commanding General of the Eighth U.S. Army Air Force in February



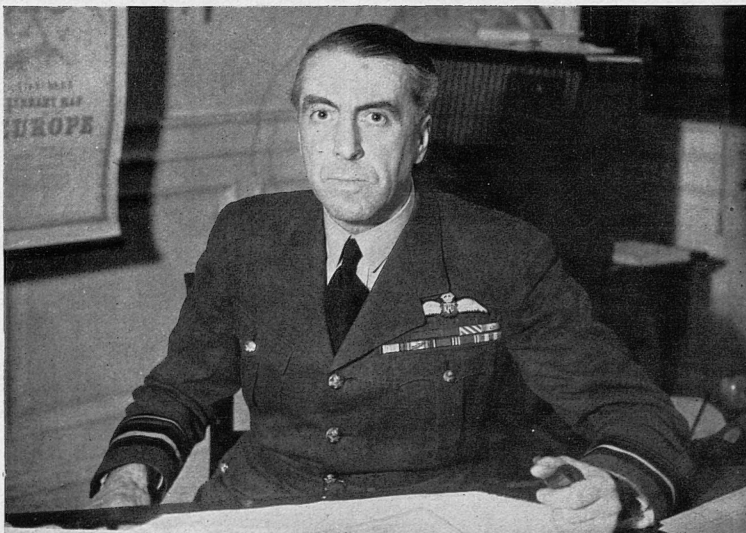
glorious time tipping first one and then the other, and finally compromising on all three. At the moment they seem fairly certain that it will not be General Marshall, who seems to have been the original candidate selected by President Roosevelt and possibly accepted by Mr. Churchill. I can well understand that President Roosevelt does not want to lose General Marshall, who has just the qualities necessary for political Washington in presidential year. General Eisenhower has certainly done a good job in North Africa, and it is to be doubted if he can be spared from the Mediterranean theatre of operations, if further activity is planned in that part of the world. It would be natural for British serving men to want a British commander.

### Revision

ESTIMATES of the Italian campaign will have to be revised. The difficult terrain in which the Allied Forces are having to operate must have been appreciated in the beginning, but the torrential rains have certainly been an additional handicap. In the absence of any definite information it is difficult to judge what is really happening. It may be that there are factors of which we have not heard yet, or new plans which may lead to a modification of the first intentions of the military commanders. There is no doubt that the Germans have fought well, and made full use of all their advantages. But this does not mean that they can win anything more than defensive delays. Between the Italian front and the East front the Germans are strained to the utmost, and they cannot tell where the third front will develop. Rome might prove little more than a useful stopping-place for the Allied Forces, when they arrive there.

### Offensive

ADMIRAL LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN has told the troops on the Burma-Arakan front that they will receive all the resources they need, and that then the war against the Japanese will move quickly. In this statement he shows quite clearly that Germany and Japan can still help each other. This does not mean that we are not in a position to supply the needs of our armies in the West and the East simultaneously, but obviously we can end the war quicker in Europe by concentrating our strength than by



### A.O.C. in South-East Asia

*Air Marshal Sir Richard Peirse, K.C.B., D.S.O., A.F.C., recently became C-in-C. of the Allied Air Forces in South-East Asia, British and American air combat units of which have been united into a single Allied Air Force, on the model of Sir Arthur Tedder's Mediterranean Command. He was previously C-in-C. Bomber Command, and A.O.C. India since March 1942*

dividing it. Actually, it is the Japanese who get the better of the bargain with their Axis partner, for they are freer to consolidate their gains in the occupied countries, and it does not appear that they have to face the resistance of local populations, as the Germans have in Europe. Thus each month that passes is an advantage to the Japanese, but the same cannot be said of the position of the Germans. I am afraid that when we turn to the Pacific war some people who are called pessimists will be proved more right than wrong. They say that the Pacific war promises to be long and costly.

### Tomfoolery

IT is surely about time that the law was amended to allow Sunday plays and, above

all, to enable men serving in the Forces to have a little of that freedom for which they are supposed to be fighting. Mr. Herbert Morrison, who has shown his courage in the matter of Sir Oswald Mosley's release, might take hold of public opinion and use his powers to end the nonsense of the common informer. This would render harmless a certain Mr. Martin and his Sunday Observance Society. I am surprised that the military authorities don't take a stronger stand than did Sir James Grigg in the House of Commons the other day. Men who have surrendered their civilian liberties to train and to fight have every right to choose their own form of recreation, and if Sunday is the best day for them they should not be held up by outmoded laws which amount to tomfoolery.



### Visiting French Spitfire Pilots in Corsica

*Air Vice-Marshal Sir Hugh P. Lloyd (right), A.O.C. North-West Africa Coastal Air Force, flew to Corsica to visit French Spitfire squadrons attached to his command. He is seen here with some of the pilots and General Lechere (second from left), who commands the French Air Force in Corsica*



### Sarah Churchill with Men of the 4th Hussars

*While in North Africa, Section Officer Sarah Churchill, W.A.A.F., the Prime Minister's daughter, chatted with men of her father's old regiment, the 4th Queen's Own Hussars. Mr. Churchill had previously addressed the men on parade and said how pleased he was to be able to visit them for the third time in a year*

# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

The Best Film

By James Agate

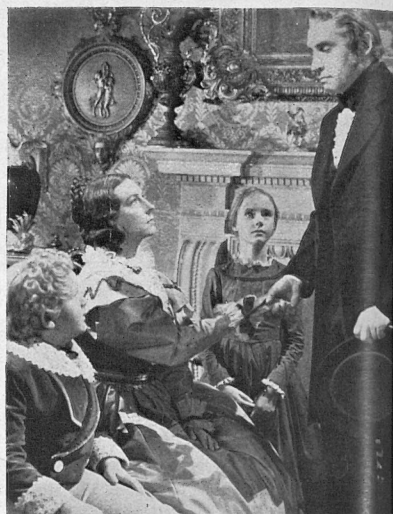
THERE is this to be said for toothache—and I do not claim the credit of the discovery—that it is heavenly when it stops. The management of Studio One had a notion amounting to genius when they prefaced the revival of *Un Carnet de Bal* with something called *Dreams Come True*. This picture showed Frances Day first as a soubrette singing Hungarian arias in a Viennese café, and then warbling the same ditties from the tops of hay-carts, wedding a herbaceous border, to the little pigs in the farmyard, and the swans of some stately river. Whereupon the parents of the Boy realised that the Girl, though she might be an actress at night, must, in view of such warbling, be possessed of a daytime purity entitling her to a tumble in the antic hay, or something of the sort. At which the cultured French audience, assembled to see Duvivier's masterpiece once again, broke into low but audible derision.

WHAT I should like to call the first-rateness of Duvivier's film sets in with the first ten feet of celluloid. It was interesting to note how much one remembered. Yes, there it all was, just as it has been in the mind's eye anytime these ten years or whatever length of time has passed since its making. That dream-waltz in those dream-clothes, taking place in a ball-room of unimaginable splendour, beneath incredible chandeliers, amidst what Balzac called "le luxe insolent et écrasant"—one remembers asking oneself how in circumstance of pomp unheard of Christine could possibly have picked up those lovers whose point is not shadiness of character but mediocrity of station. One of them becomes a hairdresser, another runs a night club, the third is a grocer, the fourth an abortionist—hardly any of them have distinction. It is only at the end that one realises that the grandeur of the ball existed only in Christine's sixteen-year-old imagination. There she is twenty years later dancing once more in the scrubby, flag-festooned dance-hall of the little country town, surrounded by girls in frocks of flowered gingham and cretonne, courted by hobbledheys in ill-fitting dress suits.

TIME has not laid a finger on this film's magnificent acting; the picture would be worth going to see if only for the priest of that great actor, Harry Baur. Then there is the Provençal of Raimu, the ignoble shyder of Louis Jouvet, the inimitable clowning of Fernandel, the exquisite playing of Françoise Rosay, and the brilliant self-effacement of Marie Bell, who never allows Christine to be more than a necessary peg. One could write a whole essay on the minor characters in this film. Characters like the old housekeeper in the first episode, the black-mailing little rat, the abortionist's wife. And with what delicacy is the whole thing rounded off. "One's first ball," says Christine to her adopted son, "is as important as one's first cigarette." And then, as the curtains close you hear her say to herself: "Just as important. And no more." Apart from the story, it seems to me that with this film the art of picture directing comes to an end. I have never seen anything since which has come within measurable distance of it. It will be shown at Studio One just as long, dear readers, as you want it to be shown. Just as long. And no longer.

AND now the end of the year being at hand, I shall devote a few words to some of the best—or shall I say least bad—films of 1943. I do not say that I have seen them all. Heaven forbid! I am not like that young and revered colleague who, until this week, was film critic, dramatic critic, book critic, radio critic, and gramophone-record critic. His average day, therefore, consisted in seeing say three films and a play, reading six books, listening to all the radio dramas and all the latest gramophone records. No wonder I so often saw him stretched out on a bench in the "King's Arms," looking like an asphyxiated penguin! He is now in the Navy, and will no doubt regard a ten-hours' stretch of duty in a typhoon as akin to a pre-war holiday on the Lido. But now to my films. First I place *My Sister Eileen*, which was as funny as the play; higher praise is not possible. And that superb performance of Rosalind Russell! Then that marvellous Russian film, *One Day of War*, with its ruthless realism and heartrending pathos. Maugham's *The Moon and Sixpence*, with the surprising choice of George Sanders to play the painter Strickland, and the even more surprising way George really did suggest the artist, which isn't an easy thing to do either on the screen or on the stage. Then *The Gentle Sex*, all about our A.T.S. girlies, and showing them at their strappingest and best-foot-forwardest. *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp*, which I must confess I didn't rave over, and indeed proved to be nonsense, but which all my friends liked so much that I must be objective and concede that it was a good film. At any rate, a generous one, since it lasted nearly three hours! *The Moon is Down* followed Steinbeck's play to the letter. Or to the foot thereof. *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, with that magnificent performance by James Cagney. *The Four Feathers*, which I suspect was not written by Mason entirely but with the help of one of Col. Blimp's aides-de-camp: as an American lady remarked to me after the first performance, "It's so disgustingly English." *The Lamp Still Burns*... excellent—maybe not quite a true picture of English hospital life, but most entertaining. *For Whom the Bell Tolls*... too long and too dull, with too much Hollywood necking.

AND so on and so forth, etcetera and ad infinitum. Of course I hear you madam, I hear you—I have missed the Coward film, the Orson Welles film, the Lubitsch film and how many more I know not. But this for a very good reason. I usually keep all my film articles in a scrap-book and use them for reference. Some months ago my



1. The little orphan, Jane Eyre (Peggy Ann Garner), finds her Aunt Reed's home an unhappy place. When Mr. Brocklehurst (Henry Daniell) comes to take her away to Lowood Institution she receives the news with great joy

old nurse's grandson, staying with me for a week-end, took a fancy to the scrap-book and tore several pages out. Being remonstrated with the child screamed and threw them all into the fire. Which explains my gaps. Not much good my writing: "Oh Diamond, Diamond!" at this time of day. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, I wish you all, *mesdames et messieurs*, a very happy and prosperous New Year.



5. Jane is overjoyed when Rochester asks her to marry him, but the ceremony is interrupted by a man called Mason (John Abbott) who declares the bridegroom is already married to his sister. The story is true but Mason's sister proves to be a poor mad creature



# "Jane Eyre" as a Film

Orson Welles And Joan Fontaine In  
Charlotte Brontë's Famous Classic

The film version of Charlotte Brontë's famous novel, *Jane Eyre*, made by Twentieth Century-Fox, had its first showing in this country on Christmas Eve at the Odeon Cinema, Leicester Square. The screen play has been written by Aldous Huxley, Robert Stevenson and John Houseman and is directed by Robert Stevenson. It runs for just over an hour and a half



2. Lowood Institution is a prison-like place where Jane spends the rest of her childhood. The only kindness the children know is shown by Dr. Rivers (John Sutton). After ten years at the institution, Jane applies for a job as a governess



3. As governess, Jane (Joan Fontaine) goes to Thornfield Hall to look after the little French ward, Adele Varens (Margaret O'Brien), of the wealthy Mr. Rochester (Orson Welles). Mr. Rochester spends most of his time travelling on the Continent, but a strange bond of sympathy grows up between the man and the governess



4. Jane discovers that she has fallen in love with her employer when she finds she is jealous of the time he spends with a beautiful neighbour, Blanche Ingram (Hilary Brooke)



6. Jane leaves Thornfield Hall and returns to her Aunt Reed (Agnes Moorehead) whom she finds to be dying. Forgiving her aunt for her unkindness in the past, Jane, with the help of Bessie (Sara Allgood), nurses her to the end



7. After her aunt's death, Jane goes back to Thornfield. In her madness, Mrs. Rochester has destroyed the Hall by fire, herself dying in the process. Rochester himself is blinded. Jane seeks out Rochester, and they are married

# The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

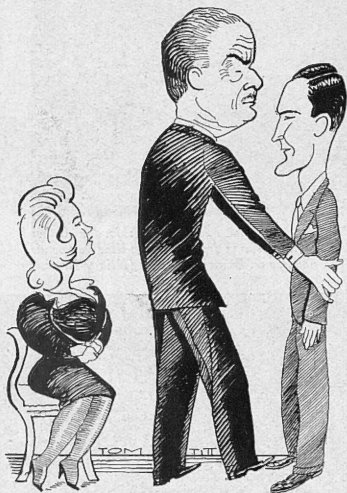
## There Shall Be No Night (Aldwych)

**A**LURED LUNT and Lynn Fontanne are such agreeable and accomplished actors that we should welcome almost any play they chose to bring to us. We like them both for what they do and the way they do it. Their acting is so skilful and studied an art that it might be described as inspired methodism. Their technical equipment includes (but is by no means limited to) that infinite capacity for taking pains which has passed for a definition of genius. Its delightful spontaneity is, however, not the expression of mere happy impulse, but the fruit of experience, forethought, and cunning calculation. Those

audiences to whom it was originally addressed but its force remains. The play's title was not chosen at random, nor is it equivocal. Such a quotation from the Apocalypse does not suggest frivolity, nor does Mr. Sherwood's theme invite it.

**T**HE action passes in Athens during the years 1938-1941. The tide of war (which then threatened civilisation) has yet to turn in the Allies' favour. Having reached Macedonia, it is about to engulf Greece, of which Dr. Vlachos, the play's hero, is a most distinguished native. Nobel-prizewinner, famous scientist, and philosophical pacifist, he is both an Athenian who honours the memory of Pericles, and an intellectual citizen of the world. He sees in war a suicidal madness which, unchecked, may exterminate man.

We first meet him



Philip Vlachos tells his father of his engagement to Eleni Rhalles (Muriel Pavlow, Alfred Lunt, Terry Morgan)

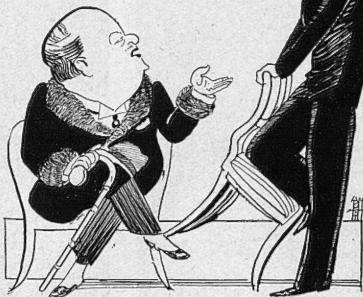
apparent impromptu—movements, gestures, pauses, inflections—are meticulously timed and toned, and have all been scrupulously rehearsed. They are effective because they are intended to be, and because they are not fortuitous. Having personality, and to spare, these artists do not flaunt it. Their charm, which comes over the footlights with the intimacy of old friendship, is a combination of art, nature, and subtle stratagems. In other words, they are first-rate actors.

On their previous visits to London they delighted us in artificial comedy. Their *Amphitryon* is a delicious memory. Here they assume the masks of topical tragedy and wear them nobly. The play they have brought us is by Robert E. Sherwood, one of America's most able and enterprising dramatists. Though properly theatrical, it is a play with a purpose: the reconciliation of a philosophical hatred of war with a recognition of the need to fight at times in defence of the eternal decencies.

The argument is perhaps less searching to us than it may have been to the American

Sketches by  
Tom Titt

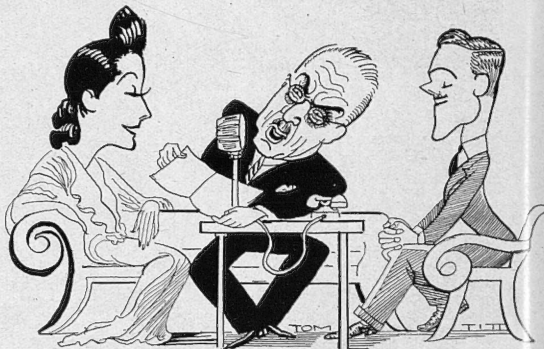
Dr. Ziemssen, a member of the German Embassy, warns Dr. Vlachos that he should leave Athens at once (Gerard Kempinski, Alfred Lunt)



at home, on the occasion of his radio broadcast to the world of his science and philosophy. The speech, brilliantly delivered by Mr. Lunt, is weighty, uncompromising, and long. And while its delivery is relieved by many ingenious devices, occurring as it does thus early in the play, its solidity may tend to oppress the playgoer whose idea of entertainment by the Lunts is less seriously exacting. But, thereafter, the drama girds up its loins and gets going. The cosmic and the domestic compose their differences, and the tragic immediacies of war enter the home.

**A**MONG the impressions left by the play and its performance some of the most moving are the least theatrically stressed. These are the personal echoes, as it were, of the general catastrophe; such moments as the vocally simple but unbearably poignant farewells between father and son, and husband and wife, when war defies all human protests; the reception of bad news concerning one and another; and the pitiful stoicism of resignation. Here the doctor's sheer humanity transcends scientific and philosophic discipline; and the art of Mr. Lunt charges such relatively passive moments with an emotional force and a heart-breaking economy of method that melt all reserve.

Through these shattering events the doctor's American-born wife remains beautifully poised between the heroics of the text and the art of Miss Fontanne which, like a lily, is cool, gracious and tranquil. Her voice, matching her repose, is a lovely andante; and when other more openly theatrical claims demand fulfilment—her response to news of the death in



The winner of the Nobel Prize, Dr. Karilo Vlachos, broadcasts to America, coached by his wife and encouraged by the commentator (Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt and Norman Williams)

action of her son, or her farewell to the husband whom she sees no more—she unforgettably fulfils them.

This may not be a great play, but it is one to be seen, felt and remembered for its sincerity, and for the sake of those incidental beauties which even less than great plays can show when such actors as these reveal them.



With her husband and son killed in action, Miranda is left alone with Uncle Lionidas (Lynn Fontanne, Frederick Lloyd)





## Cinderella's Prince Charming: Miss Evelyn Laye

Another year has passed and once again, in spite of world wars and 'flu epidemics, there is pantomime at His Majesty's. This year, Mr. Hylton has chosen *Cinderella* and for his Principal Boy none other than the lovely Evelyn Laye, who thus makes her first London appearance as Prince Charming. As Princess Charming, in a more sophisticated role way back in the reckless '20's, many thousands of her theatre and film fans will still remember her, but—in London anyway—her Prince Charming is something new. With Evelyn there is Carole Lynne in the name-part, Tessie O'Shea in a part specially written for her, George Moon as Buttons and Sid Plummer and Sirdani as the Ugly Sisters

# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

### Christmas Broadcast

ONCE again the King broadcast to his peoples all over the world on Christmas Day, interrupting his own family celebrations in the country with the Queen and the two Princesses to do so.

These Christmas broadcasts mean a great deal to men and women far from home. Hearing the King's voice, they are for a few minutes in intimate touch with their homeland, surrounded once more by those they love best, sharing the time-honoured fun of Christmas and children's parties, of snowballs and turkeys, of mistletoe and rich black Christmas puddings burning under the blue light of blazing brandy. To these people, there is a rekindling warmth in the sound of the King's words, and even though, in these days, his message must of necessity be tempered by serious thoughts of war, they bring a feeling of security and added faith in the ultimate restoration of freedom throughout the world.

### King George V.'s Idea

IT was, I believe, on the suggestion of King George V. that the Royal Christmas Day broadcasts were initiated, and on that first occasion both he and Queen Mary were astonished at the world-wide response. Letters, telegrams and messages poured into Buckingham Palace for weeks and, indeed, for months afterwards from men and women in all walks of life in all parts of the Empire.

After his first Christmas broadcast at the end of the Coronation year, King George VI. let it be known that he felt the idea was so especially personal to his father that he would prefer to discontinue it, and in 1938 there was no broadcast. But the war changed that.

The common dangers shared in the past five years have brought the monarch and his people very close together, and it is popular demand which has made His Majesty reconsider his earlier decision.

### News of Prisoners of War

THIS year there will be in many homes an added reason for rejoicing, for apart from those prisoners of war who have already reached home, there is news of others who have escaped.

Lord Queensberry has heard that Count John de Bendern, his son-in-law, has escaped from Italy into Switzerland. That, at any rate, means that he will be safe and sound, although interned until the war ends. Count John de Bendern married Lord Queensberry's daughter by his first marriage, Lady Patricia Douglas, in 1938. They have one little daughter, Caroline, who is three years old and is out in the United States with her mother.

Lady Brabourne has heard, too, that her elder son, the present Lord Brabourne, who was first reported missing in April this year and later found to be a prisoner, has escaped from his prison camp, although so far she has no actual news of where he is. Lord Brabourne, who succeeded his father in 1939, is in the Grenadier Guards. His brother, the Hon. John Knatchbull, is in the Coldstream. Their mother is one of Lady Louis Mountbatten's St. John vice-presidents for London, and is frequently to be seen about in the neat uniform which suits her slim figure so well. She makes her home nowadays in the house of her mother, Lady Sligo, in Upper Belgrave Street. The house is damaged as a result of the bombing, but a certain number of the rooms are still inhabitable.



Fayer

### The Hon. Christian Irby

The youngest of Lord and Lady Boston's three daughters is twenty-two, and is working for the American forces. Her homes are Lliguey, Anglesey, and St. James's Court, Buckingham Gate, London



Lenarc

### A Red Cross Worker

Miss Graham Hodgson, the eighteen-year-old daughter of Dr. H. Graham Hodgson, C.V.O., and Mrs. Hodgson, came out at Queen Charlotte's Ball, and has been doing full-time Red Cross work



Harlip

### Cousins: Miss Bettine Peacock and Miss Diana Portman

Bettine Peacock, who is a naval V.A.D., is the only daughter of the late Mr. Charles Milnes Peacock and Mrs. Peacock, of Barrowby House, Grantham. She and Diana Portman are granddaughters of Lady Elizabeth Taylor

Diana Portman, eldest daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. Guy Portman, of Hangerfield, Whitley, Surrey, is serving in the F.A.N.Y. Her father, who is a relative of Viscount Portman, is an A.D.C. to the King

### At School in Aberdeenshire

SIX or seven very fortunate children are having their schooling in the lovely surroundings of Lord Glentanar's Aberdeenshire home. Lord Glentanar wanted his only child, the Hon. Jean Coats, to have her schooling at home, and has arranged for some six of her friends to share her lessons. One of them is Zoe d'Erlanger, who only recently came back from the United States, where her mother, the late Mrs. Farquharson of Invercauld, had sent her in the early days of bombardment. Zoe has lost both her parents, for, sad to say, Mrs. Farquharson was killed in one of the London raids some time after Zoe's father died. Her aunt, Mrs. Edward Compton, is her guardian, and she spends her holidays with the Comptons





THE TATLER  
AND BYSTANDER  
DECEMBER 28, 1917



### Three Recent W

Lt. Nigel Colquhoun Irvine, R.N.V.R., son of Sir James and Lady Irvine, of The University House, St. Andrews, married Miss Mary Elise Cecilia Bannister, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Bannister, of Stoke Poges, at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Capt. E.  
Mrs. D.  
R.A.F.,  
Mrs. W.  
chester,



### A Windsor V.A.D.

Miss Drusilla Maude, daughter of Col. R. E. Maude, O.B.E., and Mrs. Maude, of Elm Close, Farnham Common, was eighteen in November, and has worked for the last eighteen months as a V.A.D. in Windsor

Colonel F.  
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as trustee

Mrs. Co  
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Cutsem.  
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in the Li  
Mrs. Van  
Newmarke  
Robin, (M  
Guards.

at their place in the Isle of Mull, where Major Compton farms.

There is a resident-governess at the Forest of Glen Tanar (as Lord Glentanar's place is officially named), and two men teachers come in from outside to give training in special subjects. The place of matron is filled by Jean Coats's nannie, and one can imagine the very happy atmosphere there in which these young things can develop and grow up far from the noise and thoughts of war.

### The Farquharsons of Invercauld

ZOE D'ERLANGER came home from America in a Portuguese ship and went straight to Major and Mrs. Compton's home. Her mother inherited Invercauld on the death of her father,



The Duc  
at 30, O  
Slatter, s

























































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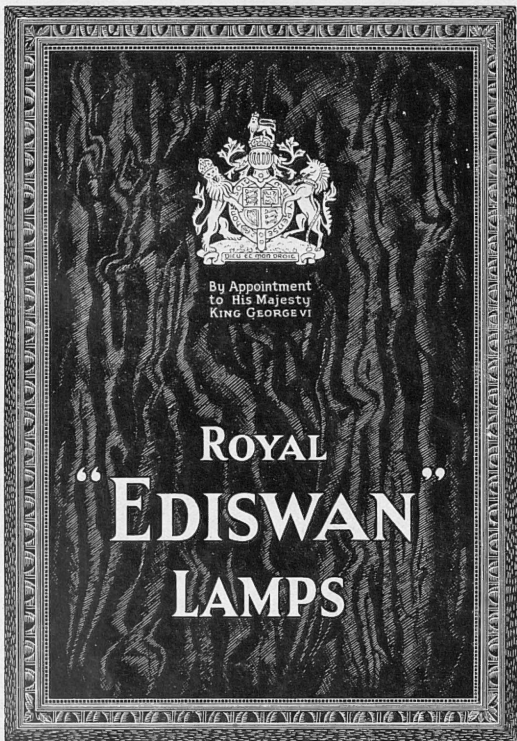
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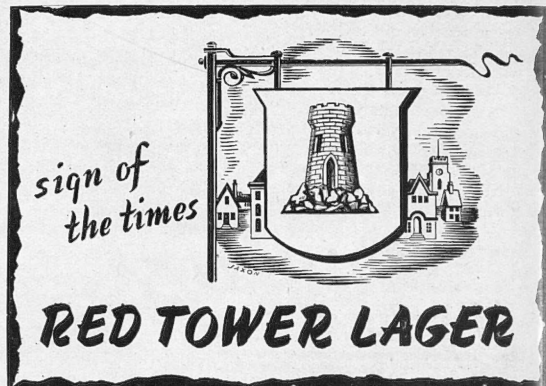
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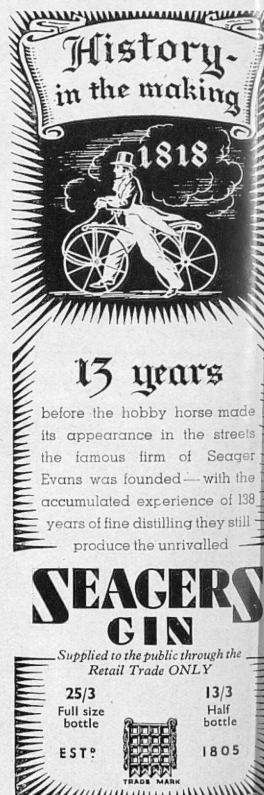


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